

Lagniappe

13 Sept 68

Delegate Dines
On \$6 Hot Dog

By THOMAS GRIFFIN

HAPPENED in one of our better restaurants. A fun-loving delegate to the Legion convention walked in and ordered a hot dog. Told he must be kidding, he replied, "No, I'd really like to have a hot dog."

The suave maitre d' smiled indulgently, then handed him a menu. After studying same a few minutes, the Legionnaire quietly ordered a lobster dinner.

While this was being prepared, the maitre d' sent down to a hot-dog stand on the corner and got a hot dog. Then he had it sneaked into the kitchen.



TOMMY GRIFFIN

When the dinner was served the Legionnaire, he received all the trimmings and side dishes but in the place where the lobster should have been, there sat a lowly hot dog.

The waiter-captain who relayed the tale to me was laughing about it. "Imagine paying something like \$6 to get a hot dog! But the man took it in good humor, ate it, and apparently enjoyed it."

SIMONNE STERN, home from her travels, is prepping a reopening of her art "galerie" on Rue Royal, Sunday. This follows a summer of which a goodly portion was spent in Czechoslovakia, where she was joined by her husband Walter and daughter Carole for a trip to Ireland.

Asked about Czechoslovakia, Simonne said, "I had left before the Russian invasion but I was there when Soviet troops were in the country under the pretense of maneuvers. Remember, they had stayed on for a time after the maneuvers ended? There was speculation in all the papers why they were staying so long. Finally, they did move out but very slowly. I passed some of them on the road when I was leaving. But then, as you know, they came back in full force later."

Vivacious Simonne, who speaks with a charming French accent, described the Soviet occupation as very sad. "I was in Prague a year ago, too," she said. "This year the people seemed so much more happy and relaxed than before. It is really tragic that their first breath of freedom should be extinguished."

In Ireland, the Sterns spent a lot of time fishing for salmon. "But the only one we caught was one Walter found sound asleep right by his foot," she laughed. "And although the hunting season didn't start until fall, we managed to kill a pheasant which hit the windshield of our car while we

were driving through the countryside."

I wondered if they had it for dinner.

"Of course!" replied Simonne. "I'm a good cook."

★ ★ ★

POTPOURRI—Margie O'Dair, of the real estate ilk, bought a house on Third st. in the Garden District . . . Couple of travel editors will be looking us over for articles; Betty Martin of the Los Angeles Times and Russ Arnold of U.S. Camera and Travel are due this month; and Flo Somers, a Carnival visitor last season, is prepping a Mardi Gras story for the February issue of Red Book . . . Virginia Waldo Brunet has dried her tears and is beaming again since the return of Piewacket, her two-year-old Siamese girl cat, to her Metairie abode; Piewacket disappeared under the house and was AWOL for a week before sauntering in, sans explanation, looking quite pleased with herself . . . Clement Dazat, who was the pleasant man in the white coat behind the bar at Maylie's from 1900 to 1960—that's 60 years, son—died last week after a long illness . . . Can only happen once in a lifetime—to be 13 on Friday the 13th—which is, why Patty Campiere, the sugar-and-spice of the Peter Campieres, is celebrating today.

★ ★ ★

HITHER AND YON—Architect Ben Cimini presiding over a dinner party of 18 at the Vieux Carre Restaurant, including such VIPs as assistant FBI director Cartha DeLoach, N.O. Police Supt. Joe Giarrusso, Lou Nichols, former FBI man now a liquor firm exec, and Frank Brandstetter, managing-director of the fabulous Las Brisas hotel in Acapulco . . . Youthful chef-restaurateur Lou King whipping up flaming dishes at the tableside of the Roy Copelands with the Sam Bakers at one table, and the Basil Moss family at another in the new La Cava section of the Sirloin Room . . . "Jo" and Charlie Cantrell forsaking their long, tantalizing diets by dining on the cuisine delights at Christopher Blake's . . . Lucile and Izzy Lazarus (the wax museum entrepreneur) sailing the bounding main to Italy aboard the SS Michelangelo.

SHOW BIZ—Le Petit will christen a new "refreshment" bar for the opening of "Kiss Me Kate" tonight . . . Pianist-singer Norma King, longtime favorite in the Roosevelt's Fairmont Room, has gone international; is now working in the Rimrock Lounge, Calgary, Alberta, Canada, but writes she'll be back in the States Oct. 5 for her daughter Belinda Balaskis' wedding, then open in the Arizona Biltmore, Oct. 7, in Phoenix . . . Ronnie Kole had a surprise visitor at Kole's Corner the other p. m.; Edith Efron, TV guide columnist, dropped in to catch one of his sets . . . Tryouts for the children's puppet workshop (ages 9 to 13) will be held at 10 a. m. tomorrow at Le Petit by puppeteer Nancy Straub.